Good Morning 494

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Nothing like work

S.P.O. Eric Street

WE caught your wife in the mid-day rush when we called at 35, Castle Street, Port Bannatyne, SPO Eric Street. Mrs. Street had just got in for her lunch, and her mother being away on holiday, she was busy preparing her meal.

Her job in the town keeps your wife busy Eric, and helps her to keep her mind from wandering to sea, and getting melancholy. We have the lady's assurance that she is well as could be and that all at home is pretty.

Such thoughts as dancing with you at the Pavilion again, and a civvy job for you after the war, play a major part in her post-war planning, so the future looks a happy one for the Street family.

One little thing that could be done for your wife now, we think; she confessed that a small dog was an old ambition. Perhaps you can fix that.

Too bad we missed the rest of the family, but a card from Glasgow arrived the day we called, and the holiday spirit appeared predominant if the few cheery words were any criterion.

Your wife has the last word, of course, but first, there is a message from Bob and Margaret, down on the farm. They send very best wishes to you, and hope you will look them up next leave.

Mrs. Street closes by sending all her love and an extra prayer for you.

Adoption Fete: "Unsparing" Was Keyword

This is how Sowerby Bridge, with typical Yorkshire hospitality, opened wide its gates to the Submariners it adopted

★ ★

FOR two days, at the end of September, the lively little town of Sowerby Bridge, Yorks, threw open its hospitable doors, its inns, its clubs, cinemas, dance hall and concert hall, to the men of its adopted submarine, the "Unsparing."

Fourteen men and two officers, under Lieut. Piper, D.S.O., were allowed never a dull moment from the time they set foot on the station to their reluctant leave-taking.

On the first night they were entertained by a local concert party. Not to be outdone, the submariners gave their entertainers a few good old sea songs that were greatly appreciated. Then it was "free and easy"—free beer that went down very easily—until the supply ran out.

Next morning came a tour of a local woollen mill, conducted by Mr. J. Clay, one of the directors, who showed them naval cloth in the making, right from the raw wool to the finished dyed article approved by the Admiralty. Unobtrusively, he took all their names and addresses, so that he could send every man a present to his home, but that was a well-guarded secret.

Then came a visit to a shop full of toys made by the N.F.S., and those men with families were able to choose something to take home for the kiddies.

Lunch in the Regent Cinema followed (after a further "hand-out" of beer and cigars), and Lieut. Piper was presented with a plaque that will hang in the "Unsparing"—a place was prepared for it two years ago, but this is the first opportunity the town has had to present it.

In return, at a Civic Welcome in the afternoon, Sowerby Bridge was presented with the submarine's Jolly Roger, complete with a record of every "kill."

After being whisked away by car to a football match, the crew had tea in the Jubilee Cafe, and then a dance at the Regent, "prettiest little ballroom in Yorkshire," where they met most of the mill-girls they'd seen busily making naval uniforms in the morning.

General comment, endorsed by Lieut. Piper, was, "We enjoyed every minute of it." And that goes for their generous hosts, too.

The submarine boys with their female guides at a mill which they toured.

Down the hatch after the mill tour was over. It was thirsty work, walking.

Field to Pulpit

FOLLOWERS of football are wondering whether T. Walker, the Scottish and Hearts player will go into the Church after the war. He had spent two years studying when it began.

Walker is stationed in the South of England with his Royal Corps of Signals unit, and is playing for Chelsea.

Walker has charmed everyone at Chelsea with his personality. A Chelsea director said: "We are delighted to have him in our team. He is such a tireless worker, a grand footballer, and so modest about it all."

Youngest boy in a family of ten Walker was in his early teens when he went from Linlithgow to work on the Hearts ground staff and was signed by Edinburgh club when he was 17. At one time Arsenal were after his services and it was reported they had offered £12,000 for his transfer. But Walker never left Edinburgh.

Walker began his studies for the ministry in 1937, and was greatly influenced in his decision by the Rev. Dr. James Black, minister of Edinburgh St. George's West Church, where he was married the same year.

INTRODUCING TERENCE to E.R.A. Eric Warden

JUST to show you how cheerful some members of your family are, E.R.A. Eric Warden, here's a photograph taken by "Good Morning" at your home at 5, Bath Street, Ipswich. Your Mother's canary livened up proceedings with a burst of song—"burst" seems the right word, for he certainly does let it rip.

Let's start off with a message from your Mother. You are always in her thoughts, and she hopes very soon to see you walk in and have you sitting round the table with the family, like the good old days. No doubt this would suit you, too.

Your Dad is ever so well and still working. Sisters Edna and Irene are cheerful as ever, and probably, in his own opinion, young Terence, aged 5 months, is, too. True he had no smile for the photographic occasion, and probably was disappointed not to see something funny pop out of the box.

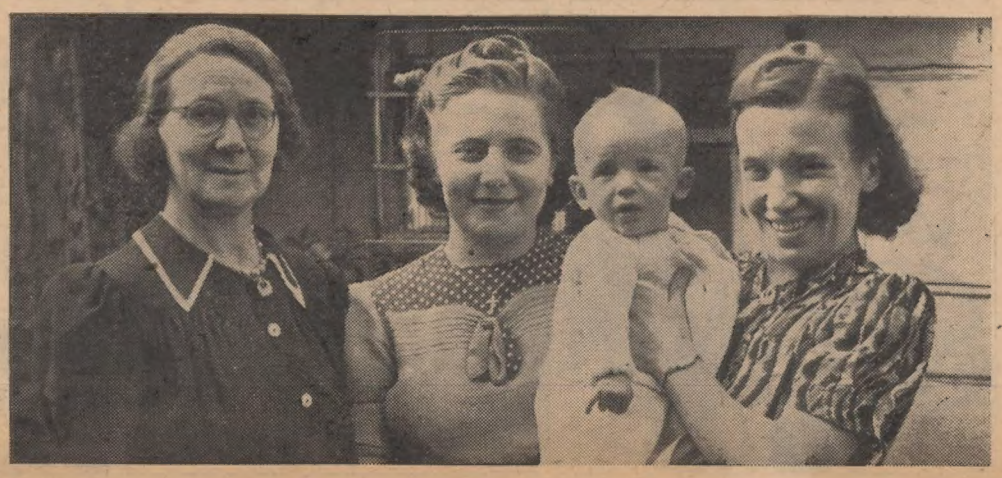
Whatever his thoughts, your young nephew kept them to himself. By the way, isn't this the first time you've seen him?

Fred has been home twice since D-Day—he is very fit, and so is Edna's husband, who is still at Westcliff.

Your pal Francis is home with Betty and baby Georgina.

Did you know the Ransomes won the Works Fire Brigade competition on September 10? There was a picture in the local paper. So evidently your fire brigade friends are carrying on all right—even without the help of a sailor.

Friend Victor is at Yarmouth and expects soon to be very much further away.



WRITTEN IN MUD

By studying deposits on the bed of Lake Windermere in Westmorland, scientists have discovered some of the changes that have taken place there since the great ice cap receded northwards.

The oldest deposits are clay laid down towards the end of the glacial period, says "Monthly Science News," and above the clay there is mud, which contains the remains of living organisms.

Preserved in the deposits are pollen grains from many types of plant, chiefly trees and by identifying them indications of birchwoods, such as are found in temperate climates, have been found.

Analysis of the pollen grains shows that the forests around the lake have undergone a succession typical of that of north-western Europe—birchwoods, followed by a predominance of hazel and an increase in pine, and later the immigration of elm, oak, alder and lime.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

With a blood-chilling yell THE BATTLE IS JOINED

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of RIDER HAGGARD

SLOWLY the penumbra, the shadow of a shadow, crept on over the bright surface, and as it did so I heard a deep gasp of fear rise from the multitude around.

"Look, O king!" I cried. "The moon grows dark before your eyes; soon there will be darkness—ay, darkness in the hour of the full moon. Ye have asked for a sign; it is given to you."

A groan of terror rose from the onlookers. Some stood petrified with fear, others threw themselves upon their knees, and cried out.

On, yet on, crept the ring of darkness; it was now more than half across the blood-red orb. On, yet on, till we could scarcely see the fierce faces of the group before us.

"The moon is dying—the wizards have killed the moon," yelled out the boy Scragga at last. "We shall all perish in the dark," and animated by fear or fury, or both, he lifted his spear, and drove it with all his force at Sir Henry's broad chest. But he had forgotten the mail shirts that the king had given us, and which we wore beneath our clothing. The steel rebounded harmless, and before he could repeat the blow Sir Henry had snatched the spear from his hand, and sent it straight through him. He dropped dead.

At the sight, and driven mad with fear of the gathering darkness, the companies of girls broke up in wild confusion, and ran screeching for the gateways. Nor did the panic stop there. The king himself, followed by the guards, some of the chiefs, and Gagool, who hobbled away after them with marvellous alacrity, fled for the huts, so that in another minute or so ourselves, the would-be victim Foulata, Infadoos, and most of the chiefs who had interviewed us on the previous night, were left upon the scene together with the dead body of Scragga

"Now, chiefs," I said, "we have given you the sign. If ye are satisfied, let us fly swiftly to the place ye spoke of."

"Come," said Infadoos.

Holding each other by the hand we stumbled on through the darkness.

For an hour and more we journeyed on, till at length the eclipse began to pass. In another five minutes there was sufficient light to see our whereabout. We then discovered that we were clear of the town of Loo, and approaching a large flat-topped hill, measuring some two miles in circumference.

Reaching the table-land at last, we found crowds of men huddled together shivering with fear at the natural phenomenon which they were witnessing. Passing through these without a word, we gained a hut in the centre of the ground, where we were astonished to find two men waiting, laden with our few goods and chattels, which we had of course been obliged to leave behind on our hasty flight.

"I sent for them," explained Infadoos.

Infadoos next informed us that he had commanded the regiments to muster, in order to explain to them fully the circumstances of the rebellion which was decided on by the chiefs, and to introduce to them the rightful heir to the throne, Ignosi.

Accordingly, so soon as the sun was up, the troops—in all nearly twenty thousand men, constituting the flower of the Kukuana army—were mustered on a large open space, to which we proceeded.

Ignosi stepped forward, and began to speak.

"I am the king; I say to you, I am the king, and if you do stand by my side in the battle, if I win the day, ye shall go with me to victory and honour."

"And, behold, this promise do I give you, that when I sit upon the seat of my fathers, bloodshed shall cease in the land. Have you chosen, chiefs, captains, soldiers, and people?"

"We have chosen, O king," came back the answer.

"It is well. Now go to your huts and make you ready for war."

There was a pause, and then one of the chiefs lifted his hand, and out rolled the royal salute, "Koom." It was a sign that the regiments accepted Ignosi as their king. Then they marched off in battalions.

Meanwhile, we set to work to strengthen the position as much as possible. Piles of boulders were collected at various spots to be rolled down upon an advancing enemy, stations were appointed to the different regiments, and every other preparation which our joint ingenuity could suggest was taken.

That night was a busy one, for weary as we were, as far as was possible by the moonlight all preparations for the morrow's fight were continued, and messengers were constantly coming and going from the place where we sat in council. At last, about an hour after midnight, everything that could be done was done, and the camp, save for the occasional challenge of a sentry, sank into sleep. Sir Henry and I, accompanied by Ignosi and one of the chiefs, descended the hill and made the round of the outposts.

"How many of these do you suppose will be alive at this time to-morrow?" asked Sir Henry.

"I very much doubt if one of us will be alive to-morrow night. We shall be attacked in overwhelming force, and it is exceedingly doubtful if we can hold this place."

After this we went and slept for a couple of hours.

Just about dawn we were awakened by Infadoos, who came to say that great activity was to be observed in Loo, and that parties of the king's skirmishers were driving in our outposts.

As soon as we had equipped ourselves we hastily swallowed some food, and then started out to see how things were going. At one point in the table-land of the mountain there was a little koppie of brown stone, which served the double purpose of headquarters and a conning tower. Here we found Infadoos surrounded by his own regiment, the Greys, which was undoubtedly the finest in the Kukuana army, and the same which we had first seen at the outlying kraal. This regiment, now three thousand five hundred strong, was being held in reserve, and the men were lying down on the grass in companies, and watching the king's forces creep out of Loo in long ant-like columns. There seemed to be no end to these columns—three in all, and each numbering at least eleven or twelve thousand men.

As soon as they were clear of the town they formed up. Then one body marched off to the right, one to the left, and the third came slowly on towards us.

"Ah," said Infadoos, "they are going to attack us on three sides at once."

Slowly, and without the slightest appearance of haste or excitement, the three columns crept on. When within about five hundred yards of us, the main or centre column halted at the root of a tongue of open plain which ran up into the hill, to enable the other two to circumvent our position, which was shaped more or less in the form of a horse-shoe, the two points facing towards the town of Loo. The object of this manoeuvre was that the threefold assault should be delivered simultaneously.

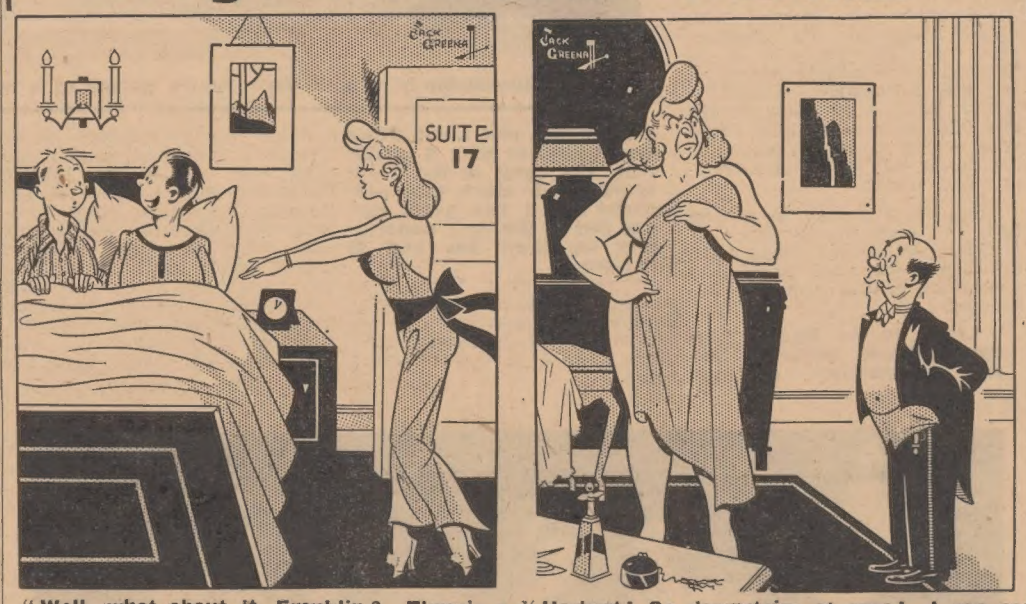
"Oh, for a gatling!" groaned Good, as he contemplated the serried phalanxes beneath us. "I would clear the plain in twenty minutes."

Sir Henry and Good now took up their rifles and began to fire, with the result that, so far as we could judge, we put some eight or ten men *hors de combat* before they got out of range.

Just as we stopped firing there came an ominous roar from our far right, then a similar roar from our left. The two other divisions were engaging us.

(To be continued)

Laugh with Jack Greenall



"Well, what about it, Franklin? Three's a crowd!"

"Herbert! Go downstairs at once! I can see the animal coming out strong in you!"

QUIZ for today

1. A soosoo is a Chinese bread roll, river dolphin, cocktail, mongoose, native bamboo hut?
2. What name is given to a group of (a) snipe, (b) sparrows?
3. What and where are a snake's poison fangs?
4. Where is the Terai Marsh?
5. Name two famous Spanish composers.
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Quotient, Opressive, Deliquesce, Opertunity, Multiplicity.

Answers to Quiz in No. 493

1. Italian coin.
2. (a) Bevy, (b) Building.
3. Eight.
4. Mountains in S.W. Ireland.
5. Chagrin is annoyance; shagreen is shark's skin.
6. Parliament, Miniature.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 17

1. How many properties can you think of which wool and silk have in common?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Height, Weight, Volume, Length, Breadth, Area.
3. Grandfather is to Grandson what Grand-daughter is to —what?
4. If some butterflies are yellow, and all yellow butterflies have blue legs; and if all insects with blue legs are butterflies, and some yellow butterflies have pink heads; are the following statements necessarily true? (a) All blue-legged insects are yellow butterflies; (b) all pink-headed insects have blue legs; (c) all butterflies with blue legs have pink heads.

(Answers in No 495.)

Answers to Test No. 16.

1. **Snow flakes are hexagonal crystals of frozen water.** True.
2. Nathan is not a Book in the Bible; others are.
3. Stars.
4. The **nineteenth** man hasn't been catered for.

JANE

WANGLING WORDS—433

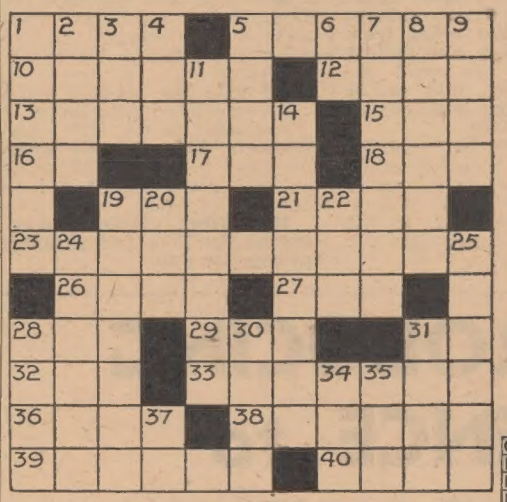
1. Insert five consonants in: *A**E**A, and get a capital city in the British Empire.
2. Rearrange the letters of: NOW NET GILL and get a famous soldier.
3. In the following four kinds of joint the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 72453, 76542S3, 86W39, 86V34A29.
4. Find the two hidden head-coverings in: **They captured that hawk, and its wings were three feet in span, a man told me.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 432

1. FACETIOUS.
2. LENINGRAD.
3. Level, Gauge, Gouge, Vice.
4. **S-teak, On-l-on-s.**

Admiral Vernon, who first reduced his crew's daily half-pint of neat rum and diluted it with water, had long been known as "Old Grog" because of the shabby old boat cloak he wore, made of grogram. So they named the new issue "grog" after him.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1 Firm.
5 Sounds.
10 Stir up.
12 Mersey town.
13 Made clay-cement.
15 At this time.
16 Time of day.
17 Wrath.
18 Beard of corn.
19 Fondle.
21 Give as instance.
23 Tyne-siders.
26 Step.
27 Lengthen.
28 Organ of fish.
29 Long tear.
31 Blow in ring.
32 Scarlet dye.
33 Smelt.
36 Account entry
38 Equipped well.
39 Doctrinaire.
40 Small horse.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Occur. 2 Wake-robin. 3 Perch. 4 Failure. 5 Baron. 6 Pronoun. 7 Sea-cow. 8 Fire stimulant. 9 Stitched. 11 Slides. 14 Old and feeble. 19 Sprang. 20 And so on. 22 Coloured fluid. 24 Soporific. 25 Trashy. 28 Flick. 30 This month. 31 Vivid. 34 Dandy. 35 Forwards. 37 Scholar.

C	L	U	M	P	C	U	R	V	E	
H	A	T		A	Z	A	L	E	A	
E	X	T	O	L		S	T	A	R	T
	E		E	X	E	R	T		L	Y	E
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A	S	P		A	Y	R		B	O	O
M	O	R	A	L		A	D	O	P	T
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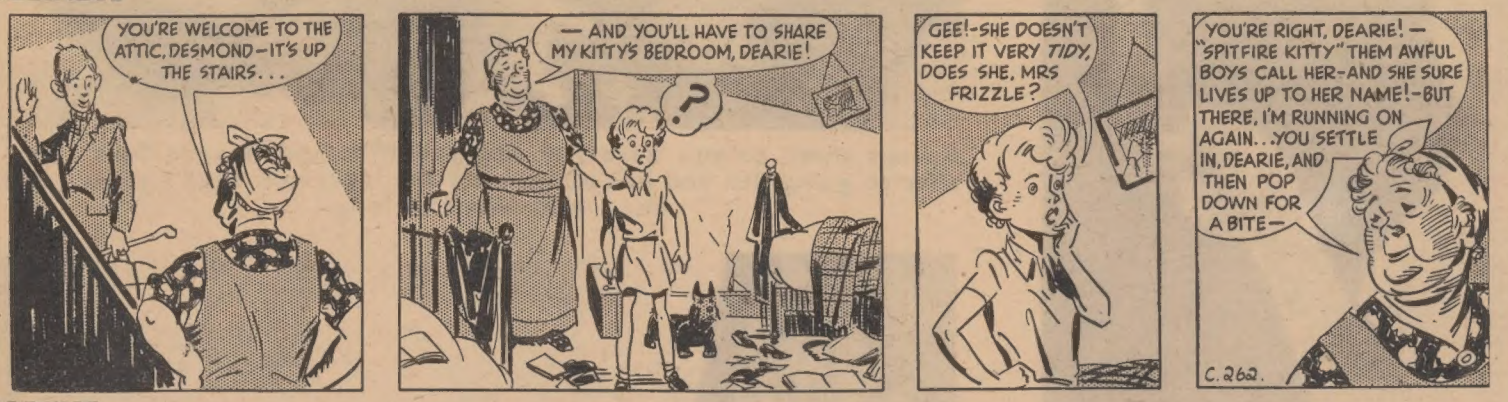
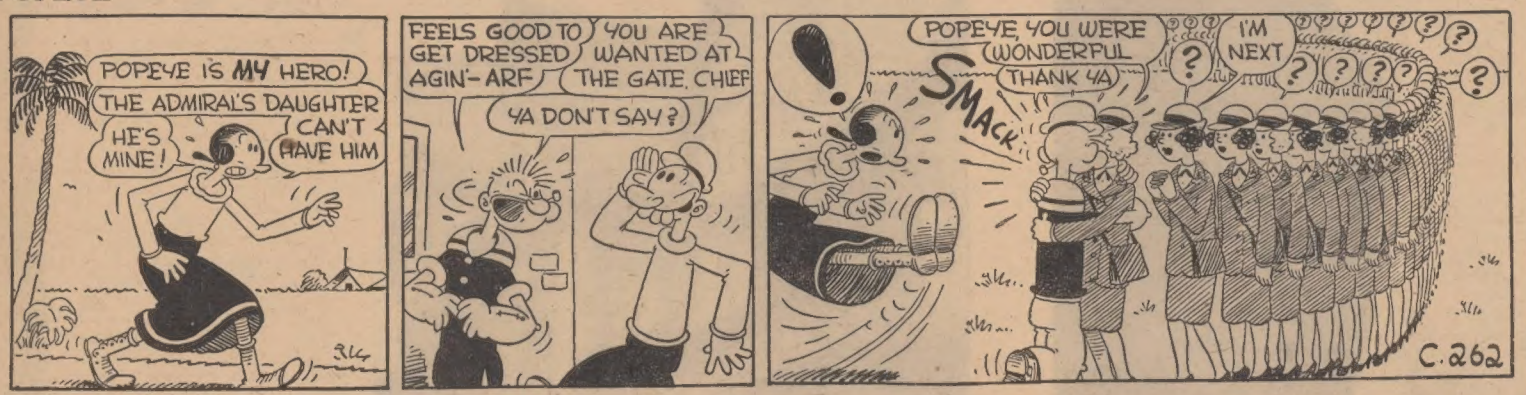
BEELZEBUB JONES

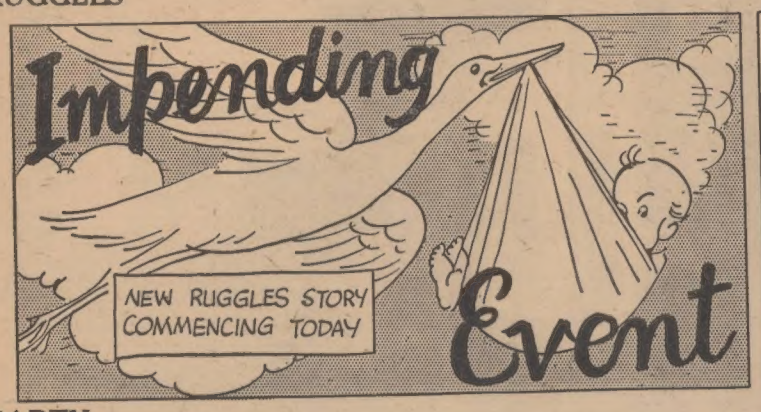
BELINDA

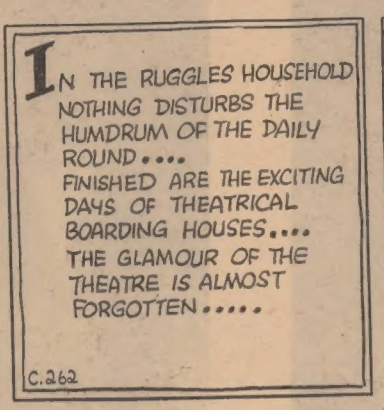


POPEYE



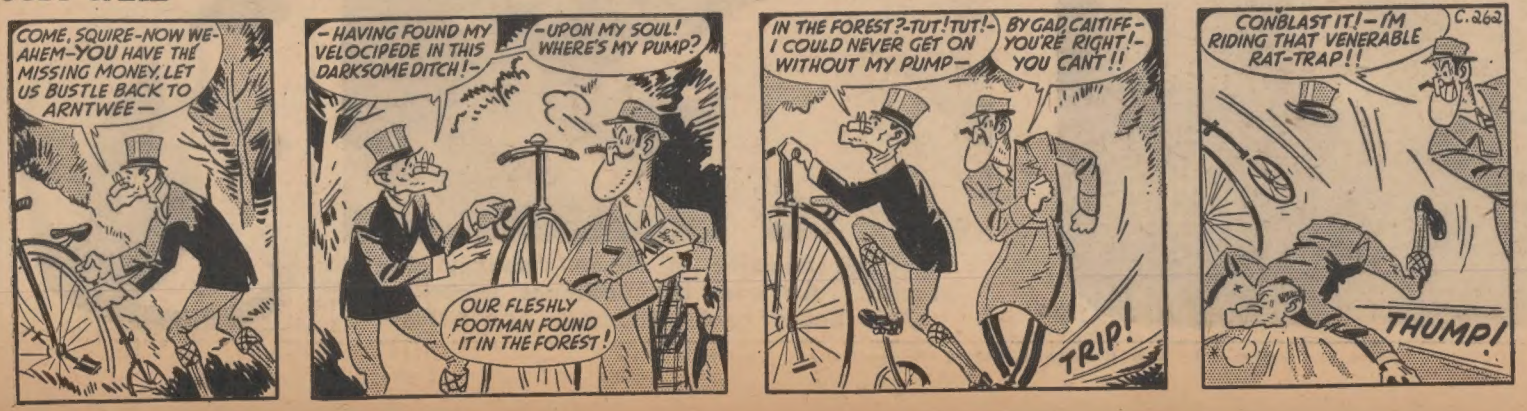
RUGGLES





GARTH

JUST JAKE



MOVIE ANGLES AND TWISTS

By Dick Gordon

HAVE compassion for the poor cameraman, who far art's sake very nearly has to break his back. Perhaps the case is being presented a bit too strongly for general purposes, but in the case of Rudy Mate, the stressing of the point is justified.

For a scene in Columbia's "Address Unknown," starring Academy Award winner Paul Lukas, Cameraman Rudy Mate was stretched out on his stomach in the middle of the set. He was peering up through the camera finder at the figures of Paul Lukas, K. T. Stevens and Carl Esmond. Behind him knelt producer-director William Cameron Menzies.

The problem was to get a perpendicular angle shot for the scene. Mate had his cheek resting on the floor, and the only way to obtain a more acute effect would be for him to dig a hole and kneel in it.

The scene was in the Munich home of Paul Lukas, playing the part of an art dealer who recently returned to Germany from the United States and has been swept into the New Order. K. T. Stevens, daughter of his partner, who remained in America, has just dropped in to visit him, and she is being introduced to a Nazi baron, played by Carl Esmond.

As far as the players and Menzies were concerned, the scene went beautifully. But Mate's vertebrae has a few permanent kinks.

That wasn't all. Menzies had some other unique ideas for odd angle shots.

In the following sequence, Miss Stevens has left her handbag on the table, and the baron discovers the initials on it don't coincide with the name given in introducing her. This leads to his finding out that she is non-Aryan.

Here was a dramatic spot to be registered by the camera which called for the significant "take" Rudy Mate is famous for in the motion picture world.

But, just to get on record against exploiting his talent, Mate moaned, "What do you expect the lens to do, shoot around corners?"

He added, "And I'm a little too heavy to hang from the chandeliers."

Menzies paid no attention. "You've whipped every tough problem up to now. Let's get this one for posterity, and, who knows . . . maybe an Academy Award."

With one foot on the table and doubled behind the camera, Mate got himself all cramped up, but he also got the shot—exactly the way Menzies wanted it.

"I'm only a cameraman," he explained to Menzies as he straightened up to rub his back and legs, "not a contortionist!"

A COLOURFUL DEMAND.

Movie glamour gals are calling for Technicolor and more Technicolor. And why shouldn't they? Colour brings out the natural beauty of stars like Rita Hayworth and Merle Oberon.

Miss Hayworth, who recently completed the Columbia Technicolor musical, "Cover Girl," opposite Gene Kelly, thinks that colour is one of the important reasons for the film's success with both moviegoers and reviewers.

"It's perfect," Rita said, "for musical films. Technicolor gives it gaiety and brightness. And there's nothing like it to show off a girl's wardrobe."

A look at "Cover Girl" proves that statement. Rita's gorgeously hued dresses take on added beauty as she swirls through the dancing scenes of the picture.

Apparently the studios are just as convinced as the stars. Columbia has decided in favour of Technicolor again in Rita Hayworth's next film, "To-night and Every Night," in which Lee Bowman and Janet Blair are also starred.

Yet another Columbia film in Technicolor is being shot right now. This one stars Paul Muni and Merle Oberon, and the title is "The Love of Madame Sand," a story about Chopin and his romance with Madame Sand. First rushes on the picture has satisfied everybody at the studio.

The only reason that there isn't a more wholesale delving into Technicolor by all the studios is the scarcity of cameras, equipment and material. A lot of it is being used by the Armed Forces.

Although the making of a colour film is much more expensive, Hollywood thinks that the added investment is worth while.

And the glamour gals agree—at least, from the standpoint of their own faces, figures and frocks.

Even Minnie Mouse gets Technicolor.

Alex Cracks

Donal' (after thoughtful silence): "Do ye like wee boxes o' chocolates, Maggie?"

Maggie: "Aye, I do that, Donal'!"

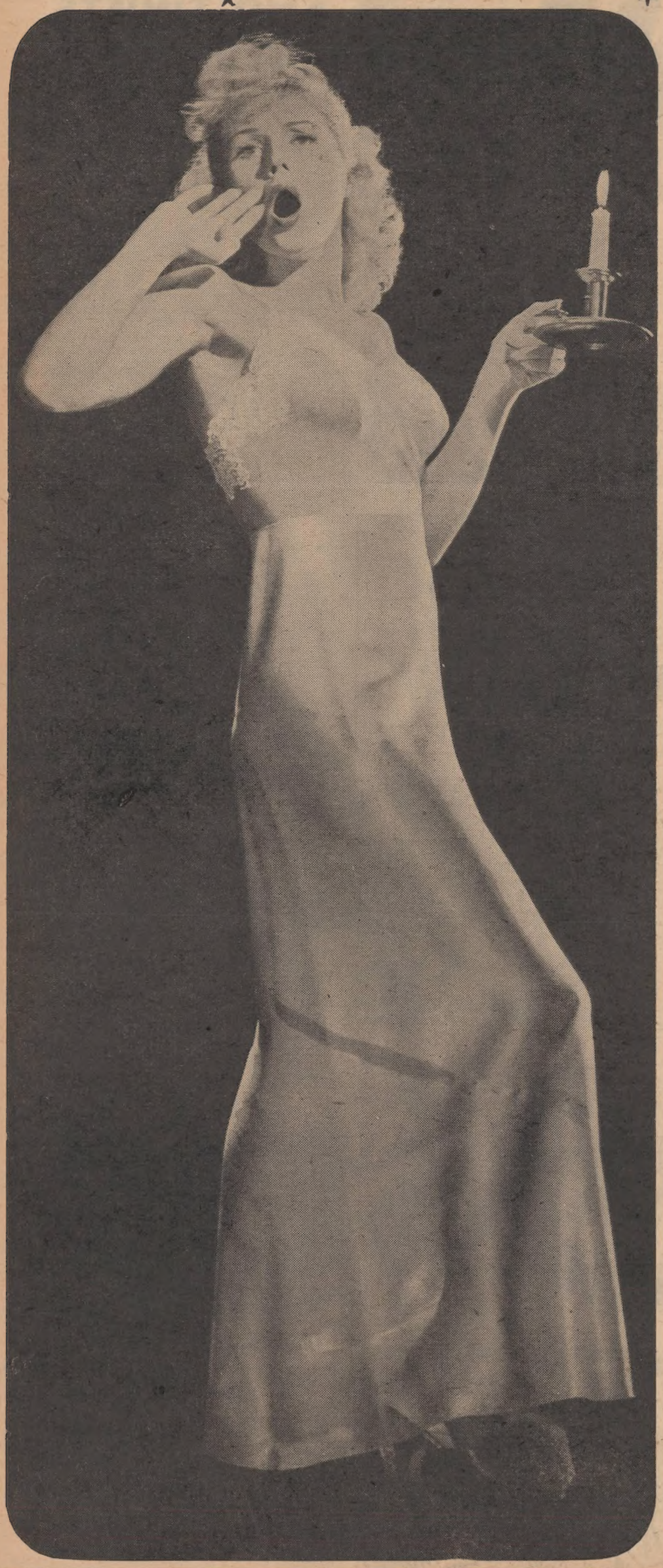
Donal': "Weel, if ye gets one wi' a bit-piece o' red ribbon round it, ye might let me know. I'm thinkin' o' getting vaccinated!"

Irritable Business Man (to traveller who has forced his way in): "I'm sorry, but I can't see you."

Traveller: "Then it's fortunate that I called. I represent Optics, the well-known firm of opticians."

Good Morning

Virginia Mayo, RKO Radio, is tired, and wants to go to bed. Right now, we can't think of anybody to hold a candle to her, but we're certainly willing to hold it *for* her—if invited.



Seems these chimps have just Stopped Him and Bought One. Now they're going lick and lick about until the ice-cream cone's gone. And that won't be long.

This England We can't help wondering whether the buns, too, date from 1690 in Ye Olde Bunne Shoppe in Wolborough Street, Newton Abbot, Devon — or have those been removed to the station buffet?

Must be another of those "shaggy dog" stories. Anyway, the audience looks as if she's heard that particular one before.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

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